

CANON SCOTT.

Who calms the tumult of the battle,
And tunes the discord of the rattle,
As if 'twere so much idle prattle?
'Tis Canon Scott!

When temporal power is o'er appalling
And our ascendancy, if falling,
There's some one cheerfully a calling—
'Tis Canon Scott!

Who makes the bosom heave and swell,
Disdaining every hostile shell,
And makes our courage to excel?
'Tis Canon Scott!

That smile so charming, kind and brave,
That shed's a victory o'er the grave,
Oh, God, indulgently Thou gave
To Canon Scott!

And oh, how lavishly is spread
That Godly gift upon our head,
By Thy Apostle, shorn of dread,
In Canon Scott!

When dear ones, far across the seas,
Our heart strings momentarily seize,
What antidote is there to ease?
'Tis Canon Scott!

When shells in countless scores explode
And seem to bar our rugged road,
Who shows that nothing ill forbode?
'Tis Canon Scott!

Then here's my hand, my friend, my
brother
(The dearest gift to one another),
The best incentive next my mother
Is Canon Scott!

T. H.

ANAESTHETIC.

By H. SMALLEY SARSON.

"Breathe. Breathe deeply!"
My heaving lungs, scorched with the
sickening fumes,
Mutiny, whilst the white clad figures
dwarf
To a dim perspective. Still, a quiet voice
Reiterates: "Breathe deeply, count
with me
One, two, three, four, five,"
See! the room is dancing in madness;
I fall,
Falling miles, miles, millions of miles!
God! What a crash when I strike
the rocks!
Down! Down!

"One more kiss, lass, come!
What a darned row those guns are
making.
Get off my leg, will you, who's speaking?
What's all over? Oh! How sick I feel!
Who's that? Sister? Yes I'll go to sleep;
I'm tired. I feel much better, thanks!"

In Hospital, 1916.

SPEAKING OF RATS.

The following advice is culled from
the page in *Pearson's Weekly* in which
the Editor gives advice to his loving
readers.

"Sapper, who is in the trenches, says
that the place was infested with rats
until he got the tip to sprinkle essence of
peppermint around him while he slept,
and this kept the creatures away. I pass
this on for what it is worth. Other
people who have tried this dodge tell me
hunger is often too strong for the rodents,
who, after two or three nights, prefer to
face the peppermint rather than go
hungry."

Now, boys, who's going to hit the
Q.M. up for some essence of peppermint?

THE POULTICE WALLOPER.

(Written for "N.Y.D.")

You may call him poultice walloper and
linseed lancer gink,
And think he's holding down some
bomb-proof cinch,
Yet when things are really humming
and the shells are flying round
You ne'er will find the poultice guy
to finch;
Tho' his back is nearly breaking toting
stretchers to and fro,
Through mud and blood and water he
will slop,
Tho' his every bone is aching and his
heart is full of woe,
He'll lug around that stretcher till he'll
drop.

When Fritzzy's doughty gunners are full
blast upon the job,
And their guns are spitting flame and
sudden death,
When supports are swept with Johnsons
and others of that ilk,
And the shells are bursting round at
ev'ry breath,
Through the *barrage* of destruction,
through the fire and through the
smoke,
Right gaily he will venture on his way,
On his work of love and mercy through
the battle wrack and din
To rescue comrades stricken in the
fray!

When the shades of darkness gather o'er
the stricken battle field,
When flares send forth their inter-
mittent rays,
And machine guns deadly rattle and the
barking of the guns
Unto the night send forth their
deathly lays,
A-dodging round the shell holes with his
precious human freight,
You will find the linseed lancer calm
and cool,
Climbing over trench and wiring just as
stealthy as a cat.
With a step as sure and careful as a
mule.

Tho' he doesn't tote a rifle or a trusty
bayonet,
And tho' he doesn't carry round a
sword,
Yet a-carrying a fellow who's weighing
fourteen stone
Is a rather weighty fare to have
aboard;
For 'tis husky work at best of times
a-lugging stretchers round,
It's not for him to e'er give up or quit,
'Long as lads are laying wounded he
must make another trip,
It's up to him to do his little bit.

They may call him a pill swinger and a
body snatcher too,
And other fancy names, he doesn't
mind,
But when next there's something doing
he'll be right there on the job,
And you'll never find that he will lag
behind.
Where the whiz-bang shells are shriek-
ing and the 5-9's scream,
You will find him there quite busy on
the go,
Working like a dozen navvies at his
dainty little job,
Packing muddy blood-stained stretch-
ers to and fro.

R. O. S.

OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS.

DEAR NEWS EDITOR,

In your issue of the 15th June last
there appeared a short poem entitled
"A Canadian Woodland," voicing "A
Springtime Wish from Flanders." Do
you know I felt rather selfish after read-
ing it, for I have revelled in the beauties
of our woodlands all through the year,
while such brave chaps as the one who
penned those lines slaved for my privi-
lege. That is why I have had the con-
summate nerve to attempt to make
rhyme a few ideas on the thing one finds
in Canadian woods (and loves). If he
likes it—all right. If he doesn't—well,
he may require a light for his pipe—what
does it matter? I know the curse of a
People is its poets (?????), but he
must be hardened to many things by now
—so send it along to him.

"THE MYSTIC ONE."

We have received the above letter in
an envelope bearing an Ontario post-
mark, together with thirteen excellent
verses upon the subject of the Canadian
Woods, under the caption, "Our Mutual
Friends." The first verse is as follows:

O yes, the Trilliums did abound
Within our woodlands fair;
The dainty White Hearts scented all
The zephyrs passing there.
The sweet Arbutus nestled close
To dear old Mother Earth,
And Violets blue and deeper blue
We gathered in our mirth.

Then follow nine verses which we re-
gret we have not the space for, but in
them all the sylvan beauties of the
Canadian woodlands are picturesquely
dealt with by the poetess, who has an
alarming knowledge of botany. We
have room for the three concluding
stanzas:—

Well, when the Laurel blooms again,
And the Water Arum too,
When the sweet Anemone is here,
And the stately Meadow Rue,
I trust that you will once again
Have reached your native strand,
And revel to your heart's content
In this most glorious land.

When next I meet with these, our friends,
In woodland, field and dell,
I'll tell them of your sacrifice
For us you shield so well;
And the birds will have a newer song
I'll teach them a new lay
Of brave Canadians, such as you,
Who guard us from dismay.

This land is fair and fairer
Than all the world beside,
God grant that it may never bear
The brutal Prussian stride.

'Tis only we can love her,
This glorious land of ours,
As she has loved and nourished us—
Eye gladdened with her flowers.

DOWN THE LINE.

If there is one thing that I hate
(Of it I've had my fill)
'Tis forming fours and wheeling round
For hours; they call it drill!

And if there's one command I love
(To me 'tis heights of bliss)
I'm pleased as Punch is, when I hear
The Sergeant yell—"Dismiss!"